Read the Pattern offer on Page 3.

The Times.

Ladies, see Page 3 for Pattern Coupon.

Woman and Home Supplement.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1894

READING FOR WOMEN.

THEIR WORKS—THEIR FADS—THEIR INTERESTS.

Some Extremely Pertinent Remarks—Cruikshank at 76—The Goulds to Establish Themselves in England.

When Mollie Bathes the Baby.

When Mollie bathes the baby
I lay my book aside
And watch the operation
With deep paternal pride;
I scan the dimpled body
Of the struggling little elf,
For undeveloped points of
Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby
She always says to me:
"Isn't he just as cunning
And sweet as he can be?
Just see those pretty dimples!
Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?"
And then, "You precious darling,
I could bite those arms in two!"

When Mollie bathes the baby
I always say to her:
"Look out, now, don't you drop him,"
And she answers back, "No, sir!"
Then I talk about his rosy cheeks,
The muscle in his arms,
His shapely head, his sturdy legs,
And other manly charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby
The household bends its knee,
And shows him greater deference
Than it ever showed to me.
But I feel no jealous goading,
As they laud him to the skies,
For every one assures me,
That he has his father's eyes.
—The Ladies' Home Journal.

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

Where the Fashionable Philanthropists Draw the Line.

Editor Times: I read the "Woman and Home" supplement of your excellent paper with great interest and pleasure, and was especially struck with a clear cut and admirable article which appeared in an issue of some weeks back and which appeared to be in the nature of an editorial. Its subject was "Working Girls' Clubs," and its writer, I have since learned, was the editor of the "supplement." After outlining the proceedings of that recent Congress of Women's clubs in the city of Boston, it proceeded to comment upon the value of co-operation between women of leisure and self-supporting women for the best results.

It also made the statement, which is the precise and frequently unrealized truth,—that the members should meet upon a common footing—and remarked that "self-supporting humanity was never yet really benefitted by the humanitarians of the "Sister Gegy" school. I have often thought how much more good might be done toward the solution of a leading question of to-day, by the exercise of individual courtesy, kindness and unvarying respect in every day intercourse, on the part of these same people who are organizing clubs, building homes, etc., than by any other less simple plan.

The least sensitive self-supporting man or woman is naturally suspicious of the quality of philanthropy, which establishes clubs, builds homes, etc., but is not exactly polite in small matters like greetings on the street to the wearers of plain clothes, etc.

Some days ago I dined at the home of one of the oldest and most cultivated families in this State, and at the dinner table the following dialogue took place:

"Mamma, ought I to speak to Mr. R—, that nice clerk at —— when I meet him on the street? He's always very polite, and very nice looking, but one has to be very careful with A PERSON OF THAT CLASS."

"Certainly not," came the reply. "People of that kind are so very familiar."

The employer of the aforesaid young man has since told me that he is an admirable fellow, polite and thoughtful to all customers, the only son of a widowed mother, whom he supports, and incapable of rudeness. Unfortunately the people for whom he measures silk and ties bundles cannot afford to be courteous to him outside the store, because, like many another good fellow, he's only a clerk in a dry goods house. What an admirable thing is fashionable etiquette! The very girl who put the question to her mother is much interested in "Clubs" for "the working classes," "summer houses," etc.

Again the brus querie on the part of fashionable women, and the insolence on the part of fashionable men with which the working girl has to contend is scandalous.

There are several society men who haunt the uptown stores and bankrupt themselves making purchases of pretty and unprotected girls in order to "flirt" with them, when, were they to meet them on one of the fashionable thoroughfares, on a sunny afternoon, they would not dream of lifting hats or giving any sign of recognition.

There are a number of society men, five of whom I might mention as especially vicious, who regard "working girls"—the inmates of the factories and stores—as their legitimate prey, and were the secrets of some of our large factories to be revealed, society at large would stand aghast at the revelation. The argument is, with these men, that "might makes right" and this state of things will continue as long as woman hedge their courtesy into clubs, homes, etc., and allow society at large to feel that they do not hold it as responsible for bad manners to a working man or woman, boy or girl, as to a curled darling of wealth.

As a matter of fact, every instinct in the true lady or gentleman pleads for superior courtesy to the weaker.

Our organizers of "homes," clubs, and the like must carry their good intentions out into the everyday world if they wish to win confidence.

Believe me, sir, yours, with great respect, J. S. T.

ANOTHER GOULD RUMOR.

"A House in London, a Villa on the Thames" Etc.

Rumors of marriage have been heretofore the chief things connected with the name of Gould, but now New Yorkers have an entirely new report, for which the wife of George Gould appears to be responsible. It is no less than a statement that the family contemplates a sojourn abroad which will ultimately rank it with the Astors as an absentee house. One reason for the difficulty connected with attempts to establish the accuracy of this is the odd way the Goulds have of denying everything reported about them, and then within twenty-four showing that the report was true.

It is understood that the journey abroad will not extend much beyond England, and is to have for its chief object the establishment of the family in the land of the Prince of Wales as a social power. There will be a house in London, a villa on the Thames, a grouse season in Scotland and the other adjuncts of American life in Europe when that life is led by a person who has the prestige attached to the possession of an American fortune. In view of the enormous increase in the Gould revenues, it is likely that the family will be able to run the Astors pretty hard in the race for British recognition, especially as those insular arbiters deem one American as good as another and consider money the final basis of all judgments upon them.

Cruikshank at 76.

Walter Hamilton tells us that George Cruikshank "sang the old English ballad" in the manner of a street-ballad singer at a dinner of the Antiquarian society, at which Dickens and Thackeray were present. The latter is reported to have remarked, "I should like to print that ballad, with illustrations," but Cruikshank warned him off, saying that this was exactly what he himself had resolved to do, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The original ballad was much longer than that which Cruikshank illustrated and to which Charles Dickens furnished humorous notes, and was not comic in any respect.

"Lord Bateman" was Cruikshank's delight. The exquisite foolery expressed in his plates of this eccentric nobleman he would act, at any moment, in any place, to the end of his life. Mr. Percival Leigh remembers a characteristic scene at the Cheshire Cheese, Fleet street, about 1812 or 1813. "This," he says, "was in George Cruikshank's pre-teetotal period. After dinner came drink and smoke, of course, and George Cruikshank was induced to sing 'Billy Taylor,' which he did with grotesque expression and action, varied to suit the words. He likewise sang 'Lord Bateman' in his shirt sleeves, with his coat flung cloakwise over his left arm, while he paced up and down, disporting himself with a walking stick, after the manner of the noble lord, as represented in his illustration to the ballad."

Six-and-twenty years afterward we find the bright-hearted old man still with spirits enough for his favorite parts.

"One day," says Mr. Frederick Locker, "he asked us to tea and to hear him sing 'Lord Bateman' in character, which he did to our infinite delight. He posed in the costume of that deeply interesting but somewhat mysterious nobleman. I am often reminded of the circumstance, for I have a copy of 'Lord Bateman' (1851) and on the false title is written:

"'This evening, July 13, 1868,
"'I sang "Lord Bateman"
"'to
"'My dear little friend, Eleanor Locker.
"'George Cruikshank.'"

This in his 76th year!

The Inquisitive Youngster.

Child (at Washington)—Who are all those men lounging around outside of the Capitol?

Parent—They are United States Senators, my child.

"Are there any more Senators besides?"

"One."

"Where is he?"

"He is inside making a speech."—Texas Siftings.

FAMOUS PEN WOMEN.

"The Writers" and Their London Home

The sudden rise of women to the first rank of the literary world in London is one of the sensations of the year.

That the ladies are proud of their abundant success is shown by the great number of receptions, parties, club reunions and functions at which they play the leading part. They are the lionesses of the hour.

With Mrs. Humphrey Ward to the front with her new novel of "Marcella," and behind her a host of younger literary aspirants with such novels as "A Yellow Aster," "A Superfluous Woman," "Ships That Pass In the Night," "Keynotes," and many other daring works of fiction, the ladies think that they have the right to first place, and have even plucked up courage to invite royalty to come and see them in their corporate capacity.

Time was when the social community of pen women known as "The Writers' Club," looked down upon the throng of writers for the press in the grimy regions about Fleet street, in London, and probably never dreamed of a day when there would be pleasant reunions at the club which should comprise all the leading journalistic as well as the prominent authors of the great city.

A few days ago the "Writers" invited the amiable Princess Christian, who is a kind of "walking delegate" of the royal house, doing all the odds and ends of visiting which bigger royalty cannot manage to find time for, to come and visit them, and this was a signal for a monster gathering of all the people affiliated to the club.

Princess Christian has for some time been a kind of honorary president, patronizing if not directing the efforts of the adroit women who have made for themselves a new school in fiction and essay writing, and she was, of course, received with great enthusiasm.

The chairwoman of the club committee is no less a personage than Lady Jeune, whose interesting house is always open to literary people of distinction, and who has one of the few salons in the English capital.

TO TRAIN SERVANT GIRLS.

The Courtesy of the Sultan of Turkey to Mrs. Henrotin.

Some of our bright women are thinking and acting along most commendable lines. I the city of New Orleans a mass meeting of women has been called to consider the founding of a training school for domestics.

"Servant girlism" is perhaps a more distracting problem in the South than in the North. For different reasons. While the Northern woman has the verdant Irish or German girl to cope with she works upon materjal which, with no brighter possibilities, is aided and spurred by the very spirit of enterprise that has put the sea between Biddy or Gretchen and all that she loves. Again, life in boarding houses and flats is so much more universal in the North that when the strain of keeping house with untrained domestics becomes too severe it is easier to cut the Gordian knot of her difficulties by going to board than by inviting fresh friction with another lot of untrained domestics. In the South that wife and mother must be harried, indeed, who will have recourse to boarding. She "will worry along" at an expense to her nerves and brain she hardly recognizes herself. The move to inaugurate a training school for domestics is an admirable one, and its workings will be carefully watched by multitudes of women the wide world over.

* * *

His Majesty Abdul Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey, has done a very handsome thing by Mrs. Charles Henrotin, the lady who was recently elected at Philadelphia to be president of the Woman's Federation of Clubs. Mrs. Henrotin was vice-president of the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair, and in recognition of her distinguished services in that capacity the Sultan has made her a member of the Royal Order of Chefakat. This is the first time this honor has ever been shown a woman in the western world. It was created as a reward to heroic women known in the Russian troubles. Apart from its significance, it is said to be a most beautiful work of art. A star, with a background of gold, is tied with a bow of enamel in the colors of the empire. His Majesty's monogram adorns the center of the star, whose points glitter with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Naturally the lady is very proud of it.—Jennette Walworth, in Mail and Express.

A Counter-Blast.

The little peculiarities of women are a fruitful topic with some masculine writers, says the New York Journal. They continually rush into pirnt with such questions as: Why does a woman always want to know if her hat is on straight? Why does she keep you waiting ten minutes after she's declared she's all ready? Why does she this, that, and the other?

Here's a counter-blast from a woman journalist: Why does a man always have lengthened and often profane interviews with his collar-button? It looks like an inoffensive sort of an article to an outsider. Why does he rush through his dressing and throw everything all over the room, because he's in such a hurry—he "knows he'll be late"—and then spend a good five minutes filling and lighting his pipe? Why does he never put together and fold up a newspaper?

Why, when a pretty girl praises another man's "charming manner," does he say the girl is "soft?" Why does he declare that handsome and popular young actors are "sticks?" Why can he never, by any possibility, find anything he is sent to look for in closet or drawer? Why is his headache or toothache so much worse than anybody else's ever was?

Why is it always his liver that does not work, instead of the Welsh rarebit and mince pie that have worked? Why will he go out after a rain without overshoes and then preach about the vanity of women? Why does it rain too hard to go to church, but not too hard to go to a dinner or theatre or club on any succeeding stormy day? Why does he suppose, when he notes women's "funny ways," that women are not at the same time noticing his own funny ways?

Why—but, really, what is the use of asking for the reasons of such an illogical being as man, anyway?

Of a Little Girl.

Here is a little girl—
So sweet so perfect sweet
From every golden, wind-tossed curl,
Down to her slippered feet!
And even the rustle of her dress
Is unto me a sweet caress!

Here is a little girl—
So perfect, sweet and pure,
That I do think the thought of her
Shall evermore endure!
And even her lightest footfall seems
To pass like music through my dreams!

Here is a little girl
Who in the storm and strife
Still sweetly whispers words of love
And tenderest words of life!
And even her lightest whisper falls—
A melody in memory's halls!
—F. L. S.

Presence of Mind.

"In Washington," says a woman just returned from there, "I heard a story of one of the young elegants of the national capital. He is a firm believer in the proper way of doing things and in particular is an extremist in the proper observance of the dinner ceremony.

"'Why,' he is reported to have said lately, discussing the question, 'if my mother were to die suddenly at the end of the fourth course I should not consider that the meal could be interrupted.' 'But what would you do?' he was asked. 'Do?' he repeated. 'I should say to the butler: "Remove Mrs. —— and serve the sorbet."'

"Which, it may be added, whether knowingly or otherwise, is after the story attributed to the elder Dumas. Dining at his table one day was a friend who obstinately wished a mayonnaise for a salad that Dumas felt should not be so served. Just before the moment arrived to offer the course his friend looked up, gave a gasp, and slipped to the floor, dead. Before Dumas allowed himself to become excited over the fatality he took the precaution to turn to his man with the order: 'Jean, make a French dressing.'"—New York Times.

Love's Drinking Cup.

In olden times true lovers stole
The dear ones' pretty shoe,
And drank from it, as proof of love,
Till everything was blue.
But should I Peggy's shoe purloin
To measure out the stuff,
I never could get full, because
It would not hold enough! —Life.

A Continuous Performance.

Mrs. Passay—Shakespeare says man has seven ages. At first—

Jack Gayford (interrupting)—Well, a woman has only three.

Mrs. Passay—Indeed! What are they, pray?

Jack Gayford (grimly)—Sixteen, nineteen and twenty-three. They never get past the latter.—Truth.

Hiawatha Up to Date.

Thus departed Hiawatha.
To the land of the Dakotas—
To the land of handsome women—
And in ninety days returning,
A divorcelet he brought with him
To his wife he gave the ha! ha!
Sent her back unto her ma'ma,
In the outskirts of Chicago.—Stageland.

Wedding in Russia.

Two thousand five hundred weddings were celebrated in St. Petersburg during the first week after the Russian Easter. This week is especially chosen for marriage by Russians of the Orthodox Greek faith.

Washing in the Middle Ages.

Ladies used a few drops of milk and a soft rag to remove traces of dirt from their faces in the middle ages. To wash in water was regarded as injurious.